

Old 97's, Niteclub

Eighteen-hundred miles from this old nightclub
A girl is turning 22 today.
How am I supposed to entertain you?
My fingertips are useless when my mind's so far away.
Eighteen-hundred miles from Manhattan
The nightclub yawns and opens up it's doors.
Thank god that I don't have to pay the cover,
'Cause every night I'm broke than I was the night before
Yeah this old nightclub stole my youth,
This old nightclub stole my true love,
It follows me around from town to town.
I just might get drunk tonight and burn the nightclub down,
I just might get drunk tonight and burn the nightclub down.
Telephones make strangers out of lovers,
Whiskey makes the strangers all look good.
Well my angel of the morning is in mourning.
My life was misspent, don't let me be misunderstood.
And this old nightclub stole my youth,
This old nightclub stole my true love,
It follows me around from town to town.
I just might get drunk tonight and burn the nightclub down,
I just might get drunk tonight and burn the nightclub down.